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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 3 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®



McFARLANE

50
YEARS



1941 - 1991

WOLVERINE,
WENDIGO!
AND THE
WEB-HEAD!

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THOSE FRAGGIN' IDIOTS. WHY'D THEY TRY AND KILL SOMETHING WHEN THEY DON'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS?

A FEW DEAD KIDS AND ALL SENSE OF REASONING DISAPPEARS. GUESS HUMANS JUST NEED TO PIN THIS ON SOMETHING.

BUT TO GO AFTER THE WENDIGO. THAT'S INSANITY. CREATURE'LL SHRED 'EM APART BEFORE THEY BLINK.

BUT CONSIDERING WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THE OTHER ANIMALS, IT'S THEIR OWN PROBLEM.

YEAH, AND I JUST HAPPEN TO BE RUNNING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION BY COINCIDENCE.

CURSE MY CONSCIENCE.

PERCEPTIONS 3

PART TODD McFARLANE...PENCILER/WRITER TODD AND FRIENDS...INKERS
RICK PARKER.....LETTERER GREGORY WRIGHT, COLORIST
JIM SALICRUP.....EDITOR TOM DEFALCO...EDITOR IN CHIEF



FIVE HUNDRED METERS AWAY, A NIGHTMARE IS OCCURRING. LED BY THE TOWN TRACKER, SIX MEN ATTEMPTED TO HUNT AND ELIMINATE A CREATURE THAT HAS BEEN KILLING THEIR CHILDREN.

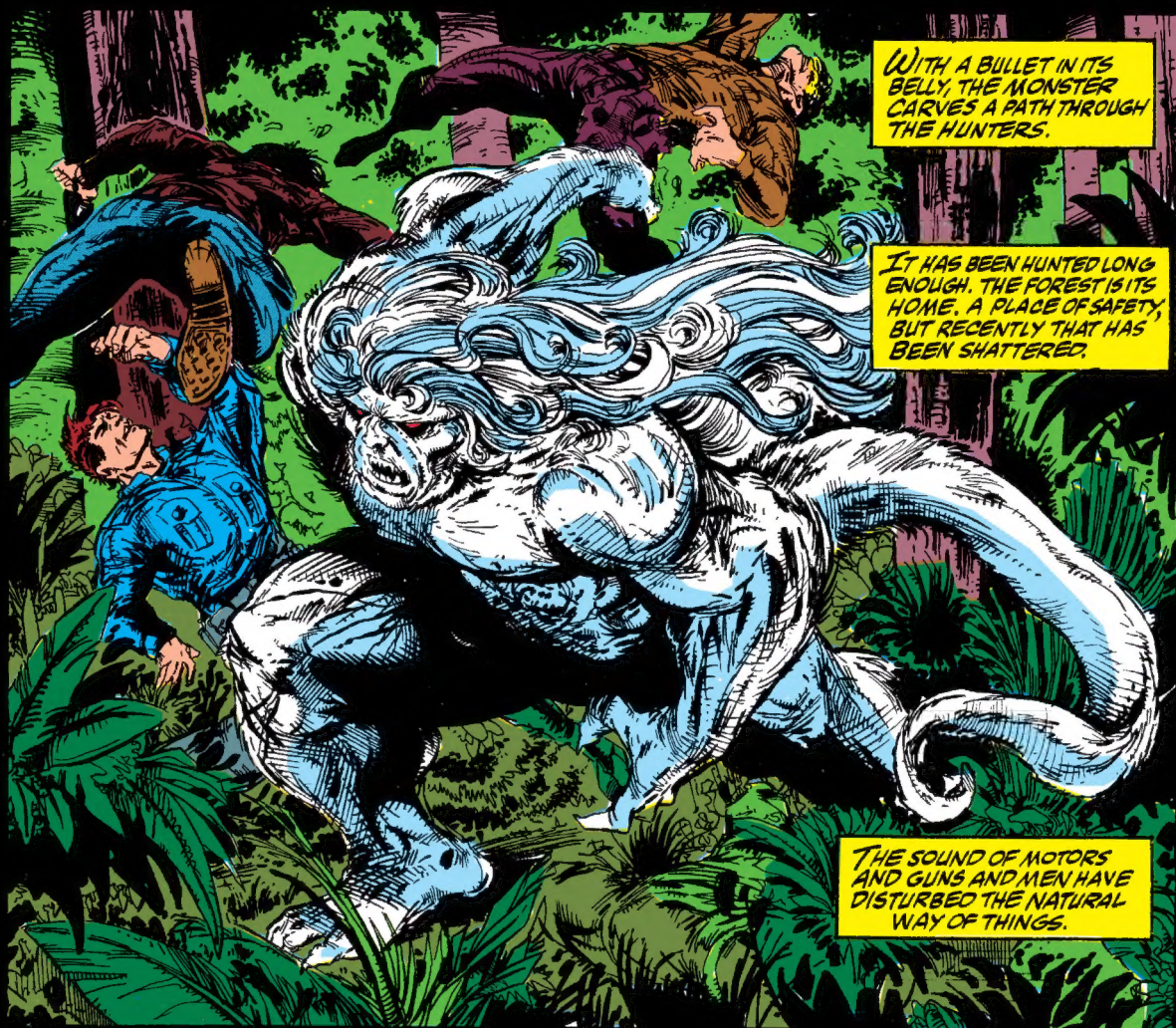
BEFORE THEY COULD GET A JUMP, NERVES GOT THE BETTER PART OF ONE OF THE POSSE.

A SHOT WAS FIRED.

LIKE ANY ANIMAL BACKED INTO A CORNER, THIS WENDIGO MEANS TO DEFEND ITSELF

TO THE DEATH.

THESE MEN HAD NO IDEA WHAT THIS CREATURE WAS, OR EVEN IF IT TRULY EXISTED. BUT THE ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THEIR OWN SPECIES MAY VERY WELL BE THE LAST THING THEY DO.



WITH A BULLET IN ITS BELLY, THE MONSTER CARVES A PATH THROUGH THE HUNTERS.

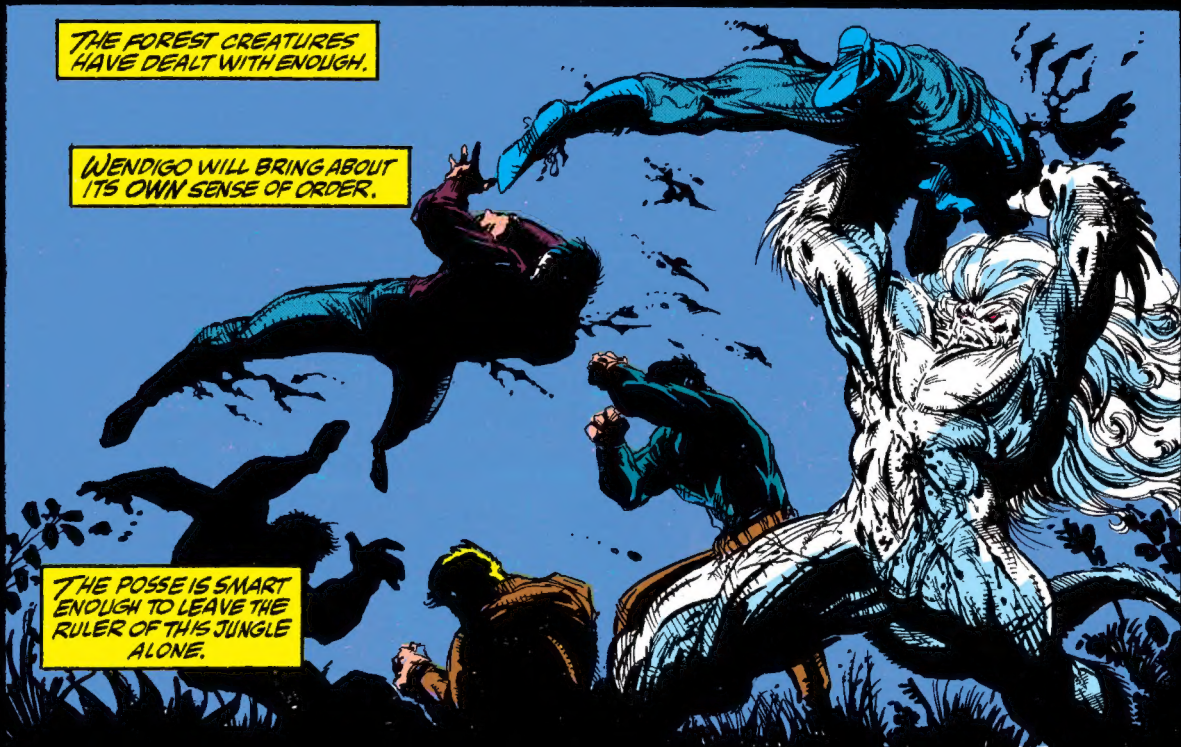
IT HAS BEEN HUNTED LONG ENOUGH. THE FOREST IS ITS HOME. A PLACE OF SAFETY, BUT RECENTLY THAT HAS BEEN SHATTERED.

THE SOUND OF MOTORS AND GUNS AND MEN HAVE DISTURBED THE NATURAL WAY OF THINGS.

THE FOREST CREATURES HAVE DEALT WITH ENOUGH.

WENDIGO WILL BRING ABOUT ITS OWN SENSE OF ORDER.

THE POSSE IS SMART ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE RULER OF THIS JUNGLE ALONE.



THEY CAN'T PAY
ME ENOUGH...

NO WAY
AM I GONNA
DIE FOR SOME
GODFORSAKEN
MONSTER.

WE'VE GOTTA
TELL THE
INSPECTOR.

HEY,
WHERE'S
EDDIE?

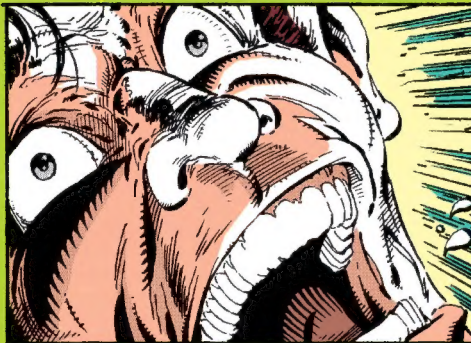


"DID THAT CHICKEN GET A
HEAD START ALREADY? HE
BETTER NOT HAVE TAKEN
THE WAGON."

WEN-DI-GO

G-GO AHEAD
AND KILL ME. SEE
IF IT TAKES YOU AS
LONG TO SLAUGHTER
A MAN, INSTEAD OF
CHILDREN.

THE CREATURE
JUST STARES.



FINALLY, IT RAISES ITS ARM
FOR THE DEATH BLOW.

AT THAT MOMENT, EDDIE IS
GRIPPED BY FEAR. IN THE BACK
OF HIS MIND HE THINKS THAT
THIS IS WHAT THE CHILDREN
WENT THROUGH, TOO.

SUDDENLY...

*... LIKE SOME WILD BANSHEE,
WOLVERINE STRIKES.*

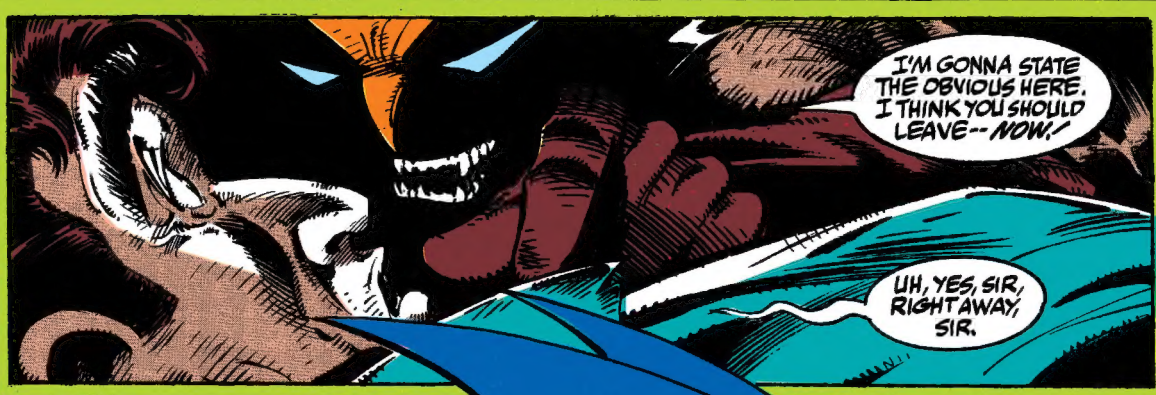
*BROKEN GLASS BEING
DRAGGED ACROSS SHEET
METAL BEST DESCRIBES
THE SOUND HE MAKES.*

*WHETHER IT IS FOR
BRAVADO OR INSTINCTIVE,
THE NOISE ACCOMPLISHES
ITS PURPOSE.*

TO DISTRACT.

*AND
TO
SAVE.*

*KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN,
BUB.*

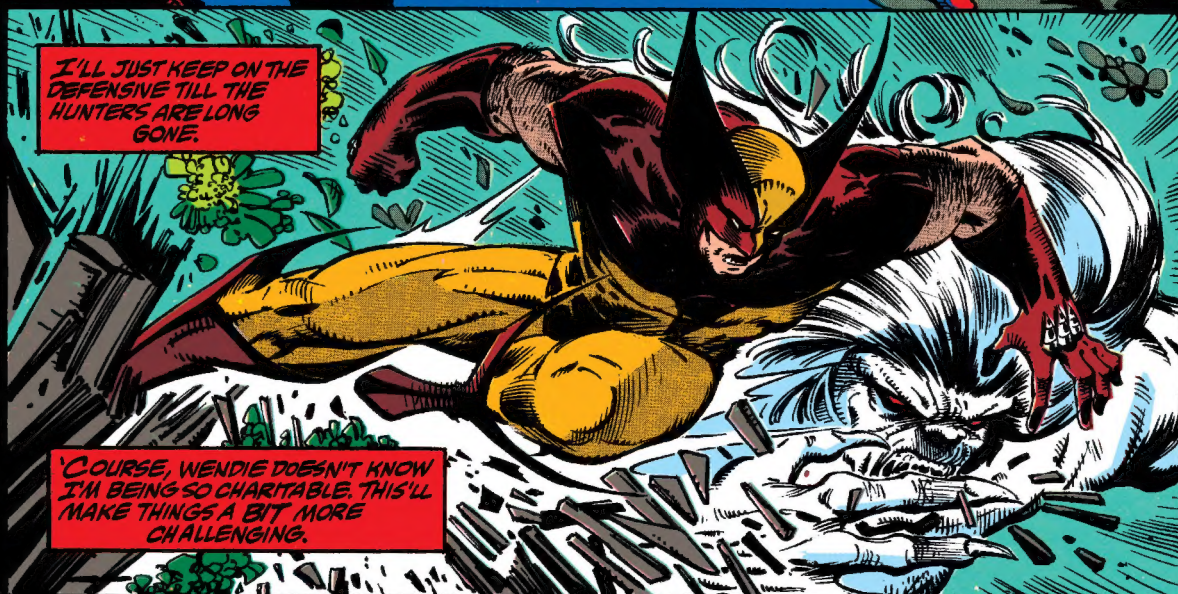


I'M GONNA STATE
THE OBVIOUS HERE.
I THINK YOU SHOULD
LEAVE-- NOW!

UH, YES, SIR,
RIGHT AWAY,
SIR.

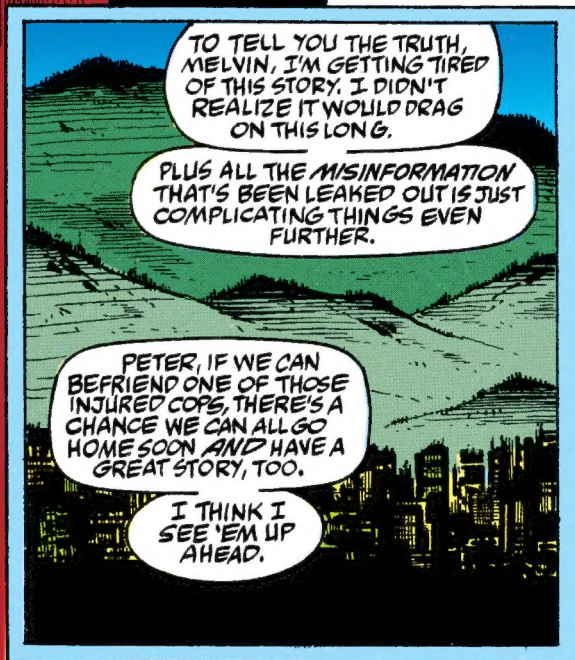
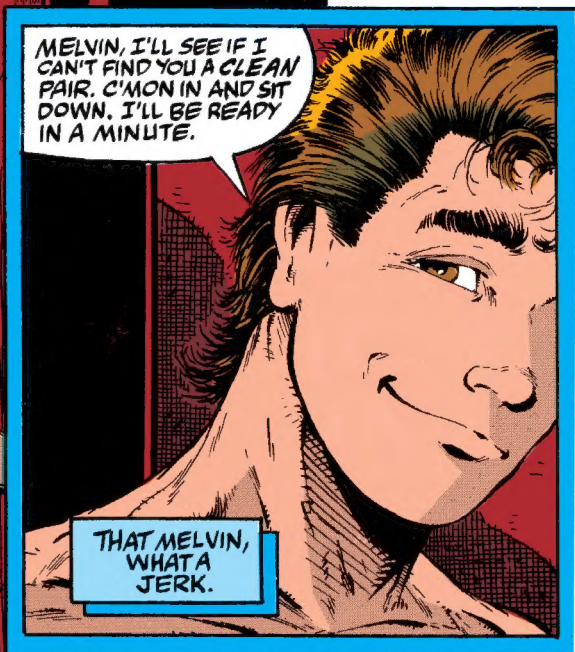
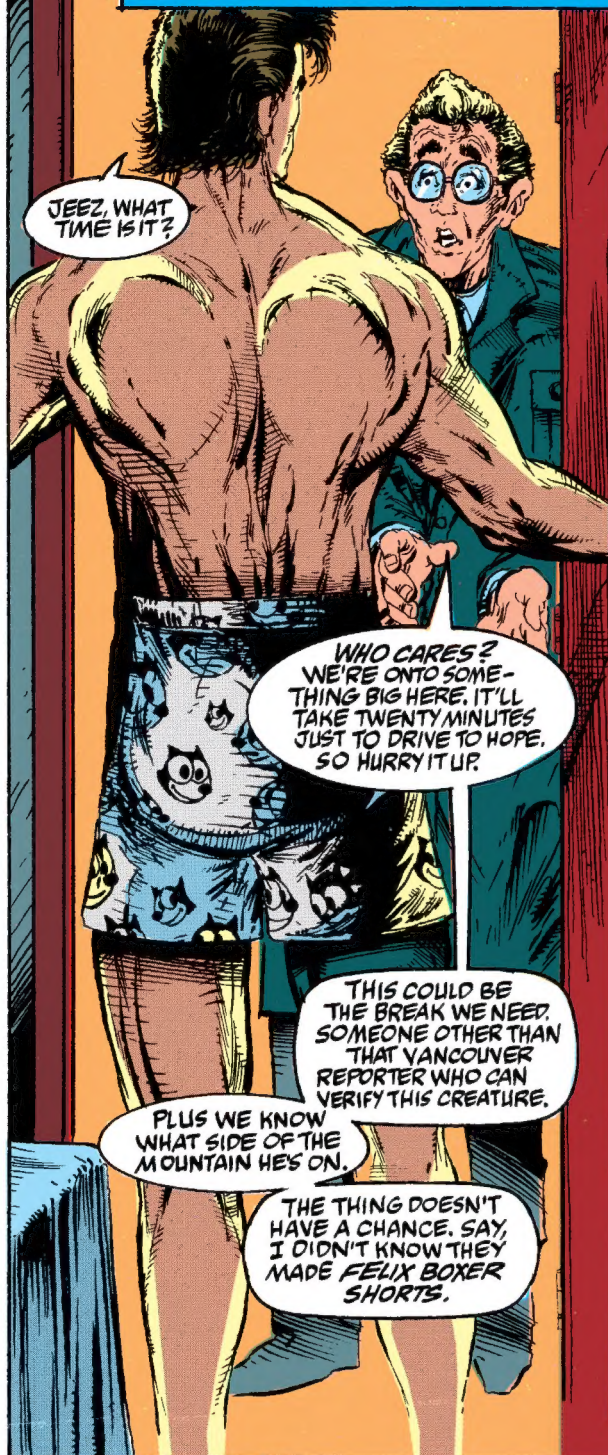
THOSE MOUNTIES.
SUCH A POLITE LOT.

WON'T POP MY
CLAWS. THIS WHOLE
SITUATION AIN'T
WENDIGO'S FAULT.



I'LL JUST KEEP ON THE
DEFENSIVE TILL THE
HUNTERS ARE LONG
GONE.

COURSE, WENDIE DOESN'T KNOW
I'M BEING SO CHARITABLE. THIS'LL
MAKE THINGS A BIT MORE
CHALLENGING.



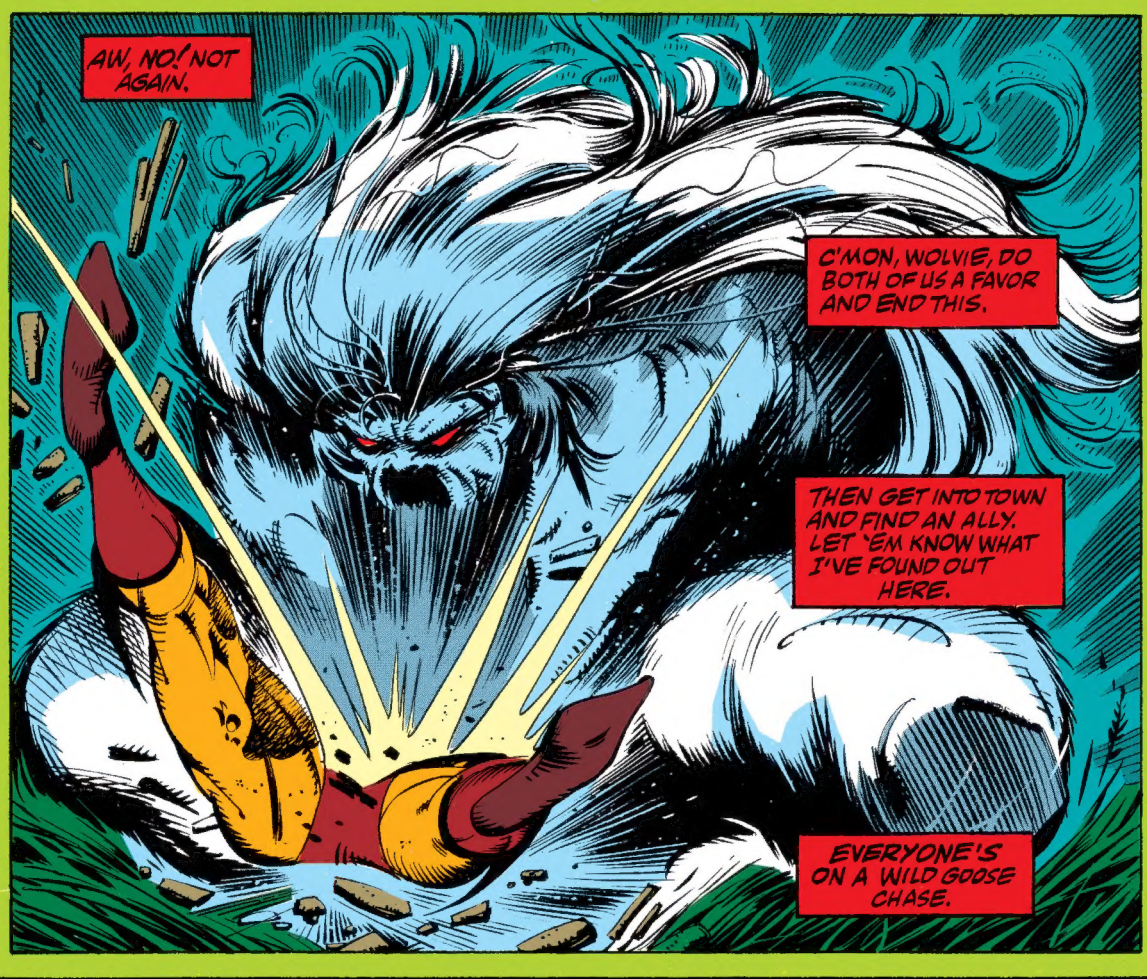
A large, muscular figure with a yellow and red suit and a mask with a wide, toothy grin is attacking Wolverine. The figure is lunging forward, with Wolverine's claws extended. The background is a dark, industrial setting with debris flying around.

LOVELY.

WENDIGO'S EXERTING
HIMSELF TOO MUCH.
HE CAN'T AFFORD TO
LOSE MORE BLOOD.
BULLET MUST HAVE
HIT AN ARTERY.

SO IF HE DOESN'T
STOP FIGHTING, HE'S
GONNA BE IN
SERIOUS TROUBLE.

NOT THAT I'M
ENJOYING THIS.

The large figure is lying on the ground, looking up with a determined and angry expression. His red eyes are glowing, and his white fur is matted. He is surrounded by debris and a bright yellow light emanates from his chest area.

AW, NO! NOT
AGAIN.

C'MON, WOLVIE, DO
BOTH OF US A FAVOR
AND END THIS.

THEN GET INTO TOWN
AND FIND AN ALLY.
LET 'EM KNOW WHAT
I'VE FOUND OUT
HERE.

EVERYONE'S
ON A WILD GOOSE
CHASE.



Los Angeles Post

BIGFOOT ATTACKS ADULTS

CHICAGO GLOBE MOUNTIES ESCAPE DEATH

★★★★
FINAL

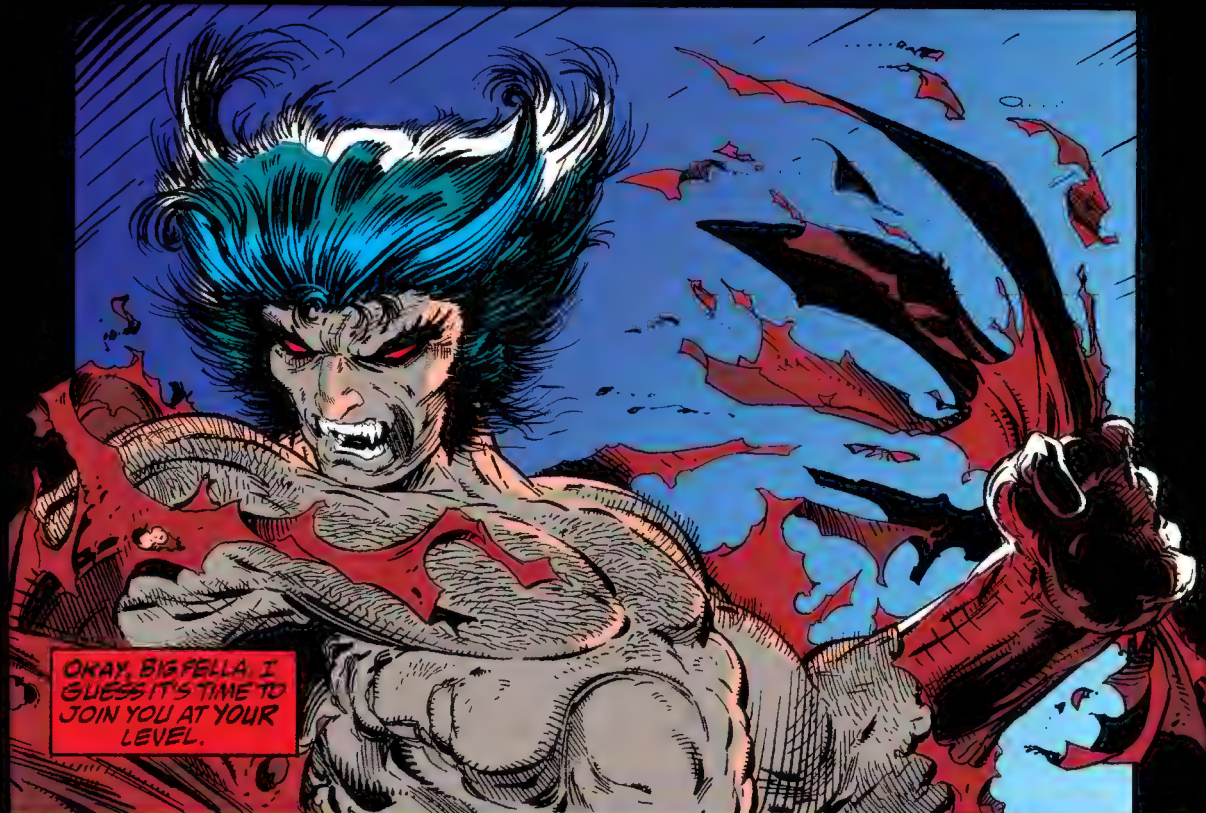
DAILY  **BUGLE**

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

30c

30c

SASQUATCH DINES ON COPS



OKAY, BIG FELLA. I
GUESS IT'S TIME TO
JOIN YOU AT YOUR
LEVEL.



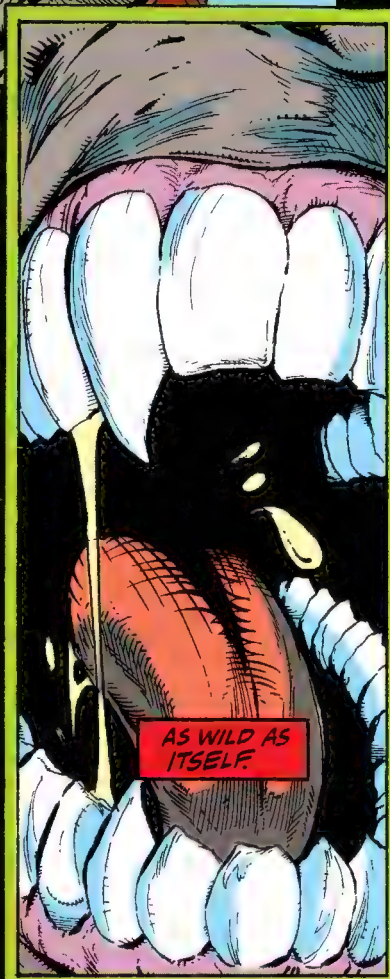
COSTUME WAS
BUGGIN' ME.

I NEED TO BE
AS FREE AS
POSSIBLE.

SEE HOW IT
REACTS TO
SOMETHING AS
SAVAGE



AS ANIMALISTIC



AS WILD AS
ITSELF.



I DRAG MY SCREAM OUT
FOR THIRTY SECONDS.
THEN I JUST STARE AT
WENDIE. HE WON'T
LOOK AT ME.

NEVER HAD A
SHOWDOWN
BEFORE. DON'T
THINK HE
LIKES IT.

NOT MY
PROBLEM.

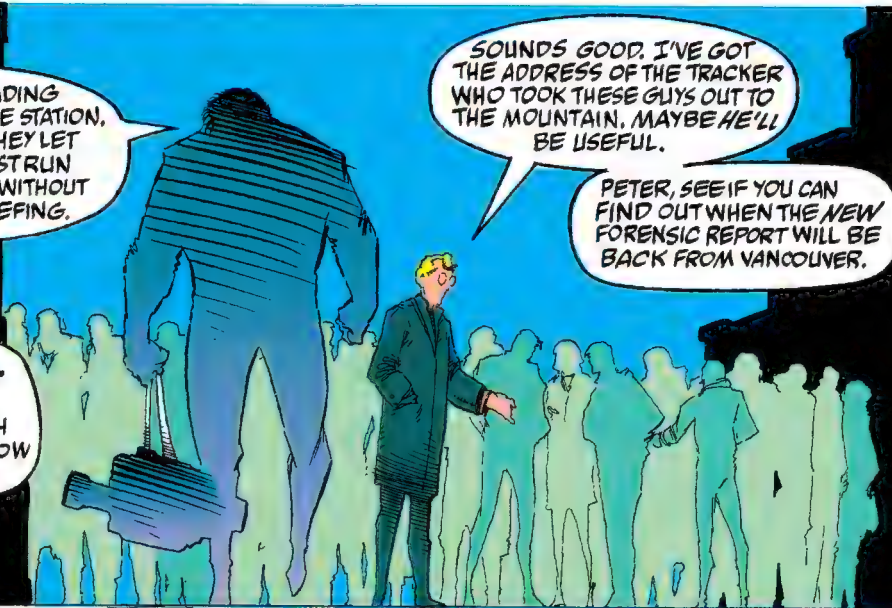
MAYBE HE'S LOST TOO MUCH
BLOOD. MAYBE HE'S JUST HAD
ENOUGH OF US STINKING
HUMANS.



WHATEVER THE
REASON, HE JUST
LEAVES.

I'VE GOT TO GET TO
TOWN AND STRAIGHTEN
THIS MESS UP. BEEN
TOO MANY INNOCENT
DEATHS ALREADY.

ON BOTH
SIDES.




MELVIN, I'M HEADING OVER TO THE POLICE STATION. I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY LET THOSE OFFICERS JUST RUN OFF AT THE MOUTH WITHOUT ANY KIND OF DEBRIEFING.


SOUNDS GOOD. I'VE GOT THE ADDRESS OF THE TRACKER WHO TOOK THESE GUYS OUT TO THE MOUNTAIN. MAYBE HE'LL BE USEFUL.

PETER, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHEN THE NEW FORENSIC REPORT WILL BE BACK FROM VANCOUVER.

THEN I'M GOING TO FIND MS. BROOKS AND SEE IF SHE HAS ANY LEADS. I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU TOMORROW BACK AT THE HOTEL.




YO, SPIDEY, I THINK I COULD USE A BIT OF YOUR HELP.



UH?! WHAT DID YOU SAY?

YOU HEARD ME, BOY. I'VE GOT A SLIGHT PROBLEM WITH THIS WENDIGO FELLA. I THINK YOU CAN HELP.

MEET ME A HALF MILE DUE NORTH OF TOWN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. YOU'LL GET SOME ANSWERS THEN.



I DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT. BELIEVE ME, I'M JUST AS SURPRISED WITH HIS PRESENCE AS HE IS WITH MINE.

TWO
HOURS
LATER.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE,
BUT IT'S TIME
TO FIND OUT!

THAT STRANGER'S
VOICE SOUNDED
FAMILIAR AND HE
DIDN'T SET MY
SPIDER-SENSE
OFF.

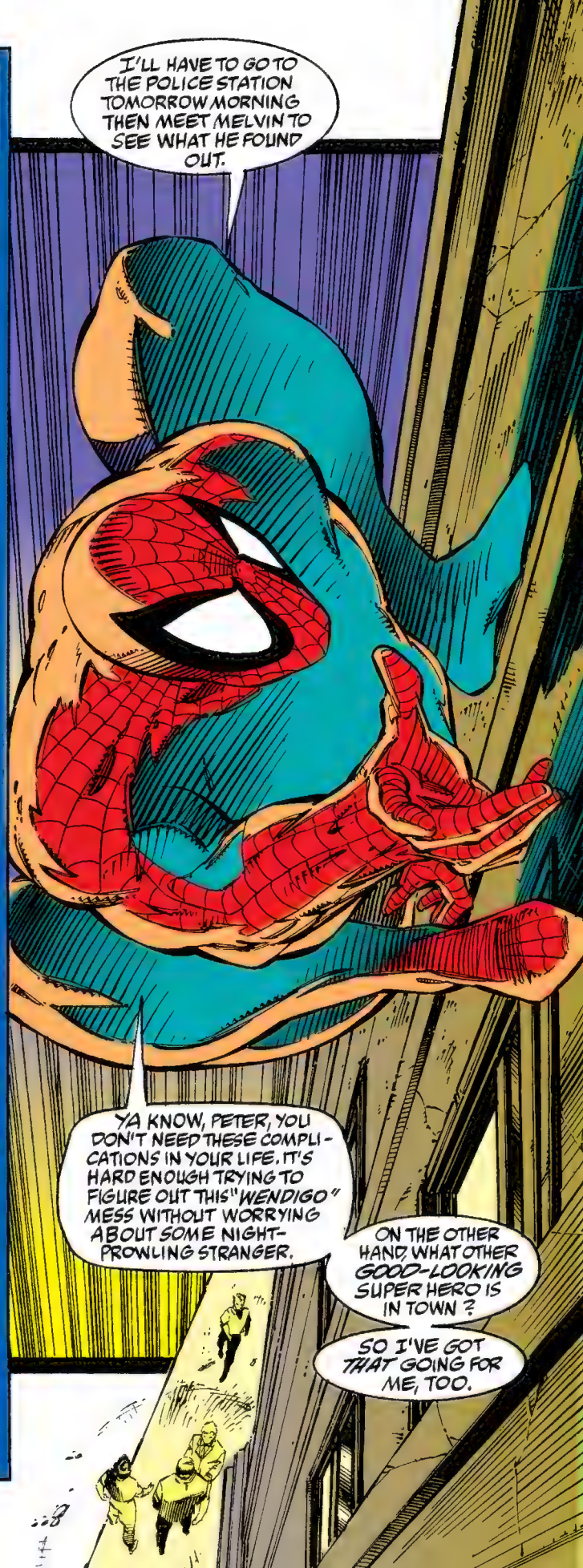
I'LL HAVE TO GO TO
THE POLICE STATION
TOMORROW MORNING
THEN MEET MELVIN TO
SEE WHAT HE FOUND
OUT.

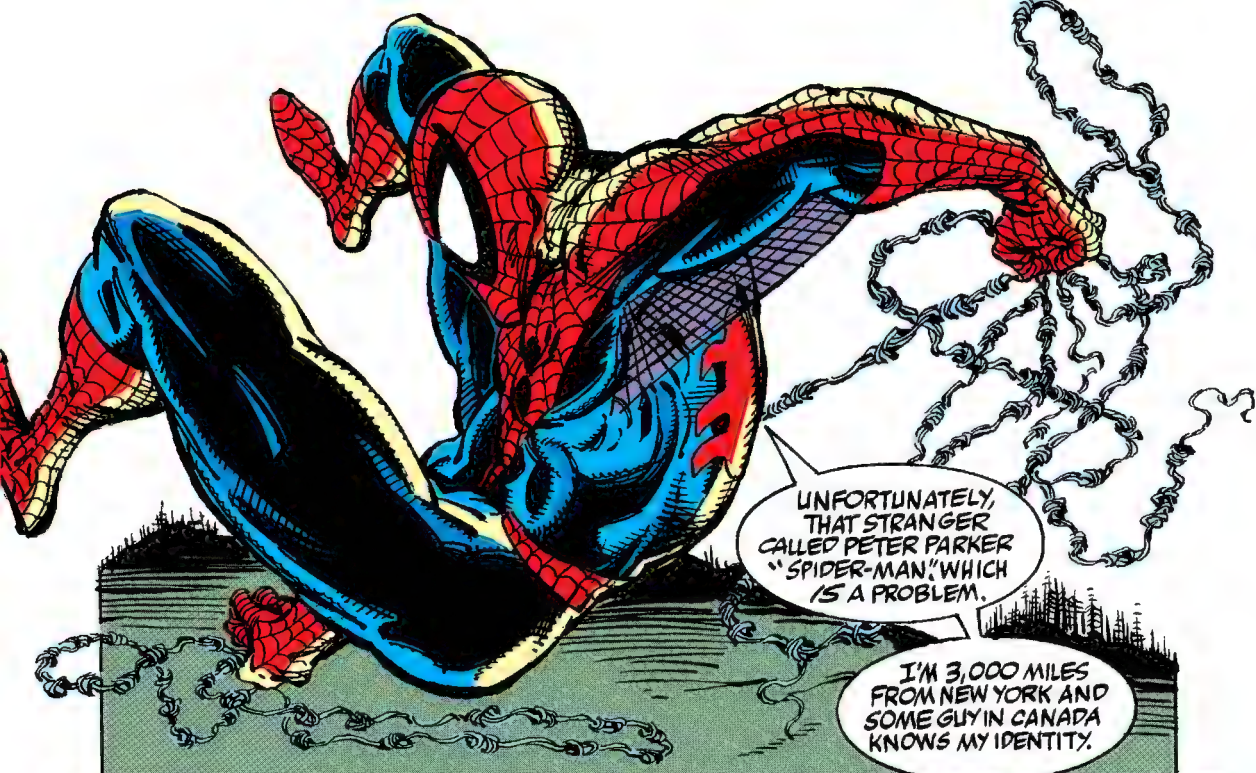
SO I'VE
GOT *THAT*
GOING FOR
ME.

YA KNOW, PETER, YOU
DON'T NEED THESE COMPLI-
CATIONS IN YOUR LIFE. IT'S
HARD ENOUGH TRYING TO
FIGURE OUT THIS "WENDIGO"
MESS WITHOUT WORRYING
ABOUT SOME NIGHT-
PROWLING STRANGER.

ON THE OTHER
HAND, WHAT OTHER
GOOD-LOOKING
SUPER HERO IS
IN TOWN ?

SO I'VE GOT
THAT GOING FOR
ME, TOO.





UNFORTUNATELY,
THAT STRANGER
CALLED PETER PARKER
"SPIDER-MAN," WHICH
IS A PROBLEM.

I'M 3,000 MILES
FROM NEW YORK AND
SOME GUY IN CANADA
KNOWS MY IDENTITY.



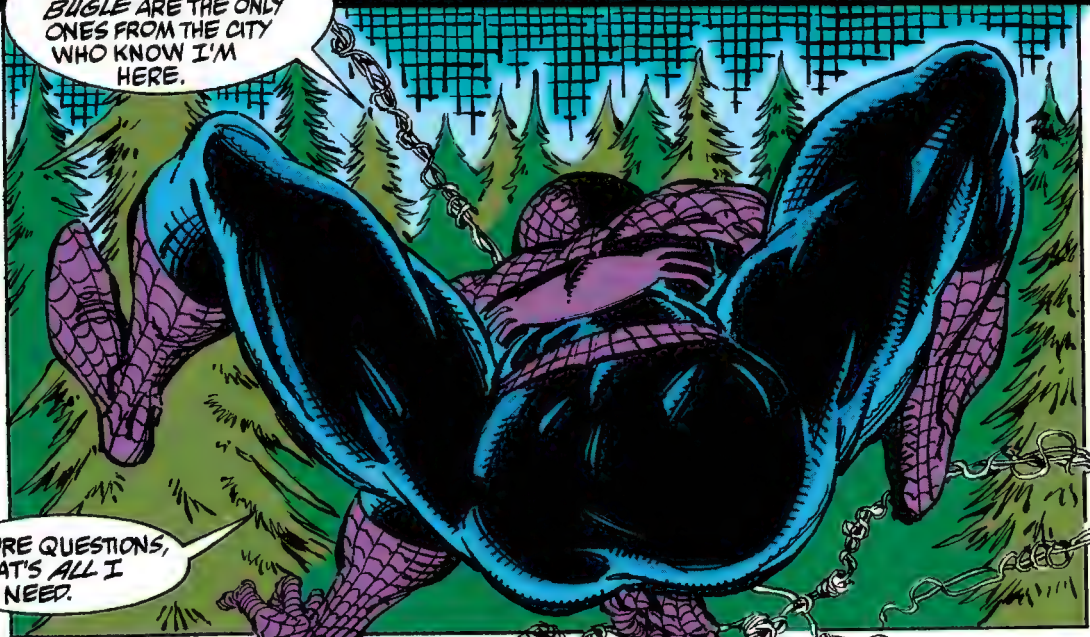
IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE.

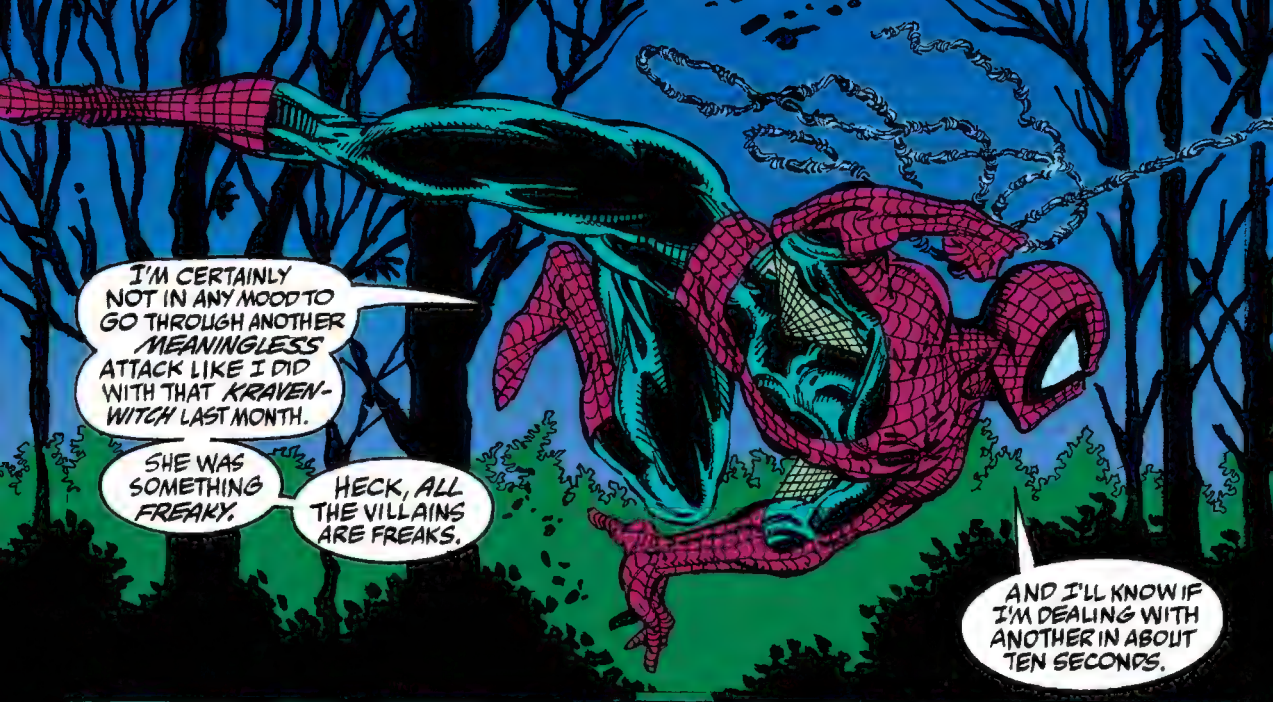
I DON'T KNOW
ANYONE IN BRITISH
COLUMBIA.

HECK, I HARDLY KNOW
ANYONE IN CANADA,
PERIOD.

MARY JANE AND
THE PEOPLE AT THE
BUGLE ARE THE ONLY
ONES FROM THE CITY
WHO KNOW I'M
HERE.

MORE QUESTIONS,
THAT'S ALL I
NEED.





I'M CERTAINLY
NOT IN ANY MOOD TO
GO THROUGH ANOTHER
MEANINGLESS
ATTACK LIKE I DID
WITH THAT KRAVEN-
WITCH LAST MONTH.

SHE WAS
SOMETHING
FREAKY.

HECK, ALL
THE VILLAINS
ARE FREAKS.

AND I'LL KNOW IF
I'M DEALING WITH
ANOTHER IN ABOUT
TEN SECONDS.



THE
CLEARING IS
JUST BELOW.

MIGHT AS
WELL MAKE
THIS
DRAMATIC.

NEVER FEAR!
SPIDEY'S HERE!
IN HIS UNDERWEAR!



REAL MATURE,
SCHOOLBOY.

WOLVERINE!!

YOU'D BE FACE
DOWN RIGHT NOW IF
I WERE THE BAD GUY.
YOU DIDN'T KNOW IF I
WAS FRIEND OR FOE.
WHY WOULD YOU GIVE
ME AN EDGE?

THE FOOL
WHO SIGNALS AN
ENEMY, ISN'T LONG
FOR THIS WORLD.

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!
THANKS FOR THE
LECTURE, POPS. I'LL
HAVE THE CAR HOME
BY ELEVEN.


WHAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM? I'VE
BEEN IN THIS BUSI-
NESS LONGER THAN
YOU. MY SPIDER-
SENSE TOLD ME
YOU WEREN'T
HOSTILE. SO I
THOUGHT I'D
HAVE A LITTLE
FUN.

SPEAKING OF
WHICH, WHY THE
OLD YELLOW AND
BLUE SUIT, YOU GOT
A REUNION TO
ATTEND AFTER?

COUPLE SEAMS CAME LOOSE
ON THE OTHER ONE, SO I WANTED
TO PUT ON SOMETHING THAT RE-
MINDS ME OF A TIME WHEN
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU!

OH! HE MADE A
FUNNY! I THINK
THIS GUY HAS SOME
POTENTIAL.

YOU NEVER
STOP, DO YOU?



NAH! BESIDES, IT
KEEPS ME YOUNG.

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU
HERE? IT CAN'T BE THE
CROWDS OR THE HYPE!

IT'S THE KILLINGS!
THE THOUGHT OF DEAD
ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY DEAD
CHILDREN, SICKENS ME. I'VE
SEEN MY FAIR SHARE OF
SICK SITUATIONS, BUT THIS
ONE'S CONTAGIOUS.

THOSE FRAGGIN'
HUNTERS ARE DETERMINED
TO KILL *EVERYTHING* UNTIL
THEY GET IT RIGHT. AND,
UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T
STOP 'EM ALL.

WHICH IS
WHERE YOU
COME IN.

GREAT!

NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP
THE HUNTERS, AND LEST WE
FORGET, THE R.C.M.P., THE EN-
VIRONMENTALISTS, AND THE
REPORTERS.

AH, SHUT UP, KID! I DON'T
WANT YA TO MOW 'EM DOWN.
JUST REMOVE THEIR MOTIVA-
TION. LET THEM KNOW THEIR
TARGET IS IN TOWN. JUST
KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE
FOREST.

FACTS,
BUDDY. I'VE
GOT TO HAVE
SOMETHING
SOLID.

LISTEN, I'VE GOT A
HUNDRED INNOCENT ANIMALS
SLAUGHTERED OUT IN THE FOREST
BY SOME HYPER-ACTIVE WEENIES.
THEY THINK "BIGFOOT" KILLED
THE BOYS.

I SAY HE
DIDN'T.



I WENT TO THE ROAD WHERE THE FIRST BOY WAS FOUND. WHERE THE REPORTER FIRST SAW OUR "BIG-FOOT." THE SMELLS TOLD ME THAT IT WAS A WENDIGO THAT CARRIED THE BOY THERE.

I FOLLOWED THE TRAIL TO WHERE THE BOY HAD BEEN BURIED. THE STENCH OF A HUMAN ADULT WAS STILL EVIDENT.

THE WENDIGO DIDN'T KILL THAT BOY, HE JUST HAPPENED TO STUMBLE UPON THE BODY.

TO VERIFY MY SUSPICIONS, I WENT TO THE FIELD WHERE THEY FOUND THE SECOND BOY, BILLY RICE.

KNOW WHAT MY SENSES SAID? NO TRACE OF WENDIGO ANYWHERE. ONLY THE SMELL OF THAT SAME HUMAN ADULT. AND DOGS.

SO I WENT BACK INTO THE FOREST TO TRACK DOWN THE WENDIGO. BEFORE I FOUND HIM I CAME ACROSS A COUPLE OF HIS KILLS.

BOTH WERE DEERS. NO HUMAN FLESH EVER NEAR.

MY PROBLEM, THE HUNTERS CONTINUE TO KILL THE ANIMALS. THAT WILL NOT CONTINUE!

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.
YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THOSE
TWO DEAD BOYS HAVE *NOTHING*
TO DO WITH WENDIGO.

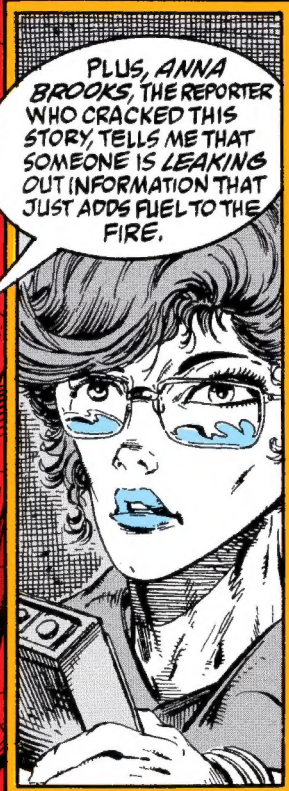
≡ *Whew* ≡
THAT IS A
PROBLEM.

WE'VE GOT AN
ENTIRE TOWN BELIEVING
THAT A SEVEN-FOOT
MONSTER IS GOING TO
SNATCH THEIR KIDS AND
DRAG 'EM INTO THE
DARK.

AND WITH THE
MEDIA BLOWING
THIS THING WAY OUT
OF PROPORTION, I
CAN HARDLY
BLAME THEM.




PLUS, *ANNA*
BROOKS, THE REPORTER
WHO CRACKED THIS
STORY, TELLS ME THAT
SOMEONE IS *LEAKING*
OUT INFORMATION THAT
JUST ADDS FUEL TO THE
FIRE.



I'LL TELL YOU,
WOLVIE, FROM MY
MEDIA EXPERIENCE,
ONCE THE WHEELS OF
PROPAGANDA HAVE
BEEN SET IN MOTION--

--REALITY BECOMES
A *MOOT POINT*.

THESE PEOPLE WANT A
BIGFOOT. THEY'LL *GET* A
BIGFOOT. IT'S THE ONLY WAY
THEY'LL FEEL SAFE AGAIN.




AND I'VE GOTTO
ADMIT THAT SIX
OFFICERS GETTING
ATTACKED BY
WENDIGO DOESN'T
HELP ANY.

THEY ATTACKED
HIM! DO YOU UNDER-
STAND? HE DIDN'T
PROVOKE ANYTHING.
THEY HUNTED HIM. AND
WHEN HE WAS SHOT
HE DID WHAT ANY
INJURED ANIMAL
WOULD DO.

HE DEFENDED
HIMSELF.

NOT HIS
PROBLEM THOSE
COPS ARE EASILY
SCARED.

BUT WE'RE
GETTING OFF THE
POINT, THE HUNTERS,
THE R.C.M.P., THEY'RE
ARMED. THEY CAN
SHOOT BACK.



IT'S THE
INNOCENT
ANIMALS
THAT I'M
CONCERNED
ABOUT.

AND
THE KIDS THAT
YOU SHOULD
BE WORRIED
ABOUT.



TIME TO
MAKE A
CHOICE.

BUT I'M
IN LIKE
FLYNN.



OKAY, THEN
LET'S GO CATCH US
A MURDERER!

To be continued